

—THE—
Lexington Intelligencer

A. W. ALLEN, Editor and Publisher.

Issued weekly on Fridays. Subscription \$1.00 per year to subscribers in Lafayette County; \$1.50 per year outside of Lafayette County.

Entered as second-class mail matter at the Postoffice in Lexington, Missouri.

All communications to go into print in THE INTELLIGENCER must be signed.

The open countenance is something to be admired if it doesn't include the mouth.

Selfish interests never built a city; nor made any man great. Join the Chamber of Commerce.

Perhaps Lloyd George's fame might be increased by letting another show what he could do.

Further proof of the futility of signs is that the Hohenzollern still signs himself "William II."

The kaiser probably could have obtained more money for his memoirs if he had told the truth.

A strike in which the innocent party would benefit for once would be one of professional politicians.

America is a country bounded on the north by Canada and bounded on the east by sea-going bootleggers.

There is an old Stoic proverb which says that "it is not things that torment men, but the opinion men have of them."

During the late futile effort to keep the Turk out of Europe it was strange no one thought of the Daugherty solution.

Find the error in the following sentence: "The world is so full of a number of things, I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

The brilliant suggestion to fingerprint everybody leads to the equally brilliant idea that each of us carry number plates front and rear.

Astromers announce that the stellar system is very much larger than had been thought, but what they are going to do about it is not stated.

If you have finished reading the laudation of congress, a "Doughboy" wants to know if you can tell him where he can hawk three cheers for a winter overcoat.

"It is idle of course, to discuss the repudiation of the Republican party throughout the country,"

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men who love
a superior
cigarette



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quoth Postmaster General Work, Not denying, however, that it will be repudiated.

It was David who slew Goliath. But after looking over Lloyd George's variety of principals in the last eight years the conviction grows that he should have been named Joseph.

Writing to House Leader Mondell, the president expresses a doubt whether any previous congress ever did so much. That of course, depends entirely on what he is talking about.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

William G. McAdoo, in an address in Denver recently, emphasized the cost of the Republican tariff to the people when he pointed out that, whereas the consumer will pay \$4,000,000 more for the things he buys, the government will get a paltry \$400,000,000 of this amount in increased revenue. The remainder, \$3,600,000,000, will go to the "protected" interests.

It's the same old story. The only difference between this and former Republican tariffs is that the present monstrosity goes much further in assisting a few private interests to fill their treasure chests. The average American will in no whit benefit from it. The only beneficiaries will be the protected interests, which, in turn, are expected to contribute more liberally than ever to the G. O. P. campaign fund in 1924.

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McCAUSLANDS

All for Art's
Sake

By CLARISSA MACKIE

When he saw Miss Constance Road sitting in her big chair on the front porch of the white cottage, Linn Mowbray pushed open the gate and strode up the brick path and sat down on the steps. As he laid his hat down Miss Constance noticed that his good-looking young face was anxious.

"How is everything at the bank, Linn?" she asked him, knitting away at another gay sweater for her pretty niece, Jean.

"Fine—I am in line for promotion soon—Mr. Day is leaving the first of the month." The momentary enthusiasm died out of his face and he reddened. "Have you heard from—er—Jean lately, Miss Constance?"

"Last night—here is the letter—read it if you like, my dear," said Jean's aunt, as she gave him a bulky envelope. She knitted busily as he read and re-read the pages. At last he gave them back to her. "Thank you," he murmured.

"Razanti has told her she has the soul of a housewife—and confound it all, Miss Road, I'm not fit to talk to any one tonight!"

"My poor boy," sympathized Miss Constance; "I really believe, Linn, that I understand Jean thoroughly—have I not been mother and father to her since her childhood? This painting notion will soon wear away and she will come home disillusioned and settle down. Meantime she is happy. Can't you wait a little longer?"

"I'll try to, Miss Constance—you're such a good sport yourself—I know you miss her—see you later—" He



He Shook His Fat Fingers at Her in Rage.

Jammed on his hat and rushed out of the gate. As he trumped down the road his doggedly planted feet seemed to pound out unanswerable questions. "If Jean is really happy, why does she write so wistfully of the garden and the home folks in Elmdale? If she is a genius, why is she not absorbed in her painting? If Razanti, the painting master, really told her she would succeed, why had she cried? If she didn't care for the work why not come home and marry him? Certainly those were tear blisters on the thick, creamy pages of her letter!"

"The next holiday I'll go down and find out," he muttered at last. What really happened was this: The temperamental Razanti had given Jean her sixth lesson. His greedy eye had oozed the lean leather wallet as it went back into her handbag after she had paid him. She tried to arrange terms with him—perhaps he would wait for payment of the next lesson until she had sold a small still-life study of flowers and a basket of vegetables.

"Self? You—a sell that? Anyways? Ha!" He paced the dusty studio with increasing wrath that one so unworthy should take up his valuable time. "That—a daub? Looks like tomato can—bah!" He shook his fat fingers at her in rage and Jean with her things clutched to her breast hastened to leave the place. As she went down the stairs to the hot street, Razanti put his head out of his door and hissed one word after her.

"Supriat!"

Jeau turned furiously. In Elmdale one did not specialize in other than Latin, Greek or French. But her tongue trembled for speech. "Supriat!" she hissed back at him and had the last word.

at a funny little tea shop, she told her story to the kind-hearted girl who sat at the desk.

"That's a shame, Miss Road—honestly, I wish I knew how to help you. You wouldn't want to wait on the tables, now?"

"Yes, I would, and thank you," cried delighted Jean.

In a few days the girl discovered that Jean could make fluffy muffins and cup cakes that would melt in a hungry customer's mouth, and so Jean was promoted and the patronage of the tea shop increased wonderfully. Soon she had charge of the cooking and gradually her pile of savings increased.

One day, behind the dainty blue screen, where Jean was concocting a delicious salad, she heard the sound of vaguely familiar voices. Through a peephole she saw two of Elmdale's prominent matrons, seated at the table next to her screen. Those voices made her homesick.

"Yes, Jennie," Mrs. Grey was saying as she buttered one of Jean's muffins. "Mr. Day has left the bank and all the clerks have been promoted—it's a fine thing for Linn Mowbray—he's been rather interested in my Dorothy, and holding that position in the bank makes it quite all right now."

"I thought Linn was engaged to Constance Road's niece—Jean Road. I haven't seen her for months."

"Somewhere in the city here—studying art; they say she has considerable talent. I suppose she wants to devote her life to art—these modern girls—" Mrs. Grey sighed and took another muffin. "A culinary artist made these muffins," she added.

"Yes," agreed her friend, "And be sure and let me know—if Dorothy does become engaged—I shall want to send her something very special for her trousseau."

Jeau, very white and grave, finished her work for the day. Then she obtained a few days' leave of absence and went to Elmdale. She arrived at twilight and walked down the street, drinking in the beauty of the familiar scenes, hearing the evening song of the thrush and the orchard oriole. She passed the Gray home and heard young voices in the screened veranda, and wondered if Linn had transferred his allegiance to Dorothy, the girl who stayed at home.

Miss Constance was sitting in her little porch when Jean opened the gate. She arose with a glad cry and went down the path to meet the homesick girl. Some one else arose from the shadows and took her out of the older woman's arms.

"Linn!" cried Jean. "I have come to stay."

"Great—our little house is almost finished. Can you cook, dear?"

"Have you forgotten so soon?" she quavered. "Tell him, Aunt Connie, that I can co-ock everything except spaghetti!"

MANY VISIT SULPHUR SPRINGS

Waters in Platt National Park Have for Years Been Noted for Their Curative Properties.

In southern Oklahoma, not far from the Texas boundary, a group of 30 healing springs, these of cold, sparkling water, were set apart by congress in 1904 under the title of the Platt National park. Most of them are sulphur springs; others are impregnated with bromides and other mineral salts, the Detroit News states.

Many thousands yearly visit the bordering city of Sulphur to drink these waters; many camp in or near the reservation; the bottled waters being relief to thousands at home.

All these Platt springs, like those at Hot Springs, Ark., were known to the Indians for their curative properties for many generations before the coming of the white settler.

According to a Chickasaw legend, two warriors competed for the hand of Deerfoot, a chieftain's daughter. Both were killed by jumping off a cliff. Then Deerfoot also jumped and killed herself. The chief on the hilltop cried so many briny tears that, according to Indian tradition, they filtered down through the cliff and mingled with the spring water, to which they imparted remedial qualities.

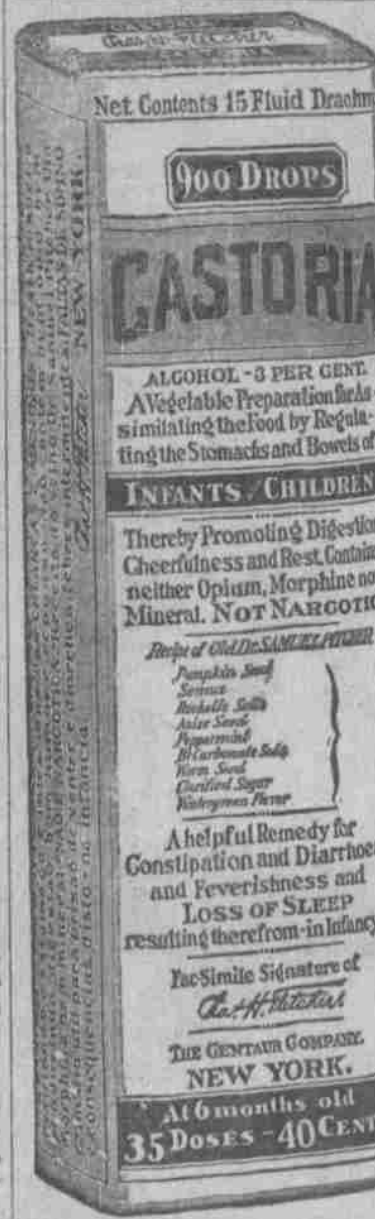
None of Apple Wasted.

The thoroughness with which the apple is now worked over and utilized by some manufacturers makes it comparable with the packing-house pig that leaves only a futile squeal. The apple is not transformed into such a variety of products as the pig, but all are useful, and when the last of the series has been made hardly a smell is left.

In many of the apple-using factories the apples are first pressed to produce cider, which may be sold as such or may be manufactured into vinegar. After thorough pressing the pomace is treated with hot water to remove the pectin, which, after purification, is sold in either liquid form to manufacturers of jellies and similar products and to housewives. The much-wanted and squeezed residue is dried, ground, and sold as cattle feed.

On the Farm.

Once the farmer swathed his wheat with the cradle and raked and bound it by hand. Then the horse-drawn reaper appeared, then the McCormick binder, and, finally, the great mechanical tractors of the present, each of which haul two binders. Once, also the antiquated flail "resounded from morning to night" on the best of the farms. Then horses were used to tread the straw, and then came the treadmill thrasher, the last of which went out some 15 years ago. Today tractor threshers do the work—Kichanga.



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